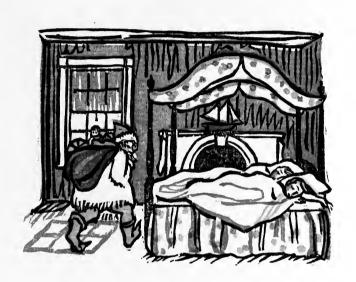


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TYP 2239.2 R64 1921m

This little Book conveys	the Greetings of
to	
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A
VISIT
from
St. NICHOLAS

By Clement C. Moore

Boston
The Atlantic Monthly Press
1921

Sith & nor Bender



Was the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds

While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,

When what to my wondering eyes did appear,

But a miniature sleigh

and eight tiny rein-deer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment

he must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!
now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid!
on, Donder and Blixen!

To the top of the porch!

to the top of the wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the housetop
the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too—

And then, in a twinkling,

I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head,
and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys

he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled!

his dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth
was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;

He had a broad face
and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye
and a twist of his head

Soon gave me to know

I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word,
but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew
like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim
ere he drove out of sight—
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL
AND TO ALL A GOOD
NIGHT!"



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■ Designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by William Edwin Rudge, Mount Vernon, N. Y. The text is that of the original (1837) edition. The woodcuts are by Florence Wyman Ivins.



